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A few words about fruit, garden, and other articles...

Liverpool

1863

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A FEW WORDS

ABOUT

FRUIT, GARDEN,

AND OTHER ARTICLES OF

PRODUCE AND FOOD.

IN A LETTER

TO

JOSEPH MAYER, Esq., F. S. A., F. R. S. N. A.,

ETC., ETC.

LIVERPOOL:
PRINTED AT THE "DAILY POST" PRINTING WORKS, 18, CABLE STREET.

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[*In a Letter to Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., &c.*]

My Dear Mr. Mayer,

As I find, by two able and very interesting letters addressed to you, that you take great interest in the propagation and growth of British fruit trees, and that your correspondents justly denounce the strangely apathetic feeling exhibited by so many people relative to the cultivation of the apple, pear, plum, and other trees, I wish to call your attention to the information contained in the following pages, written by me at the request of Michael James Whitty, Esq., and inserted by him in the *Liverpool Journal* of May 21st and June 31st, 1862. By his permission, I now address these papers to you, in the belief that, if printed and published, together with the other letters referred to, many people will learn that of which they are at present uninformed. I think I can make out that if it were not for the foreign fruit grower, various productions of the garden would prove *des fruits défendus* to many of us.

It has often occurred to me that the absence of the Mulberry tree in this locality is a remarkable instance of horti-

cultural neglect. I believe it is rarely found in the gardens about Liverpool. It may be so inferred as it is most rare to see this delicious and luscious looking little fruit, either exposed for sale or upon the dessert table. I have seen a good deal of fruit of all sorts, but I cannot recollect having seen any mulberries in Liverpool but once or twice during many years. That the mulberry will thrive hereabout—and a right handsome tree is he—is a fact, from the existence, I believe, of a thriving specimen in the Rector's garden at Bebington, which is very productive, if I am rightly informed. I have asked many in Liverpool if they have ever tasted a mulberry, and the negative has invariably been the response. Now, why should it not be at any rate tried?

In some parts of England, the mulberry is found in great profusion; and in two places I know, that it so abounds is occasioned by curious causes. At and about Southampton there are many mulberry trees, and this is attributable to the fact that in the time of the pleasant lady Queen Elizabeth, that gallant and courtly freebooter, Sir Walter Raleigh, endeavoured to establish the breed and use of the silkworm in that vicinity, and imported from the South of France and Italy a quantity of mulberry trees. The project not succeeding, the trees were distributed about the neighbourhood, and the worms—went to the worms In South Lambeth, Surrey, there is scarcely a garden of any pretence that does not contain a mulberry tree. In my father's orchard we had two fine trees, and under one, the most prolific—which in the autumn looked beautiful in the sunlight with its ruby berries amid the sap-green leaves—we used to stretch large sheets to catch the fruit as it fell, for so delicate is it that it will scarcely bear handling, and should be eaten from the tree if it is to be consumed in complete perfection. Many of our acquaintances in the neighbourhood had fine trees. And how came it that they should be there so abundant? It was

in this wise. In South Lambeth, on the left hand side of the road on the way to Stockwell, stands the Manor House (at least did when I was last there, and may still, if some jerry builders have not laid profane hands on the property, and run up all sorts of habitations on its site)—in which, in the time of that excellent monarch, James the First, dwelt the Dutchman, John Tradescant, who had travelled the world over for the purpose of collecting seeds, plants, coins, and rarities of every sort—(you will read this with interest I know my dear Mr. Mayer). In this Manor House he gathered his miscellaneous gleanings together, and was there visited by the highest persons in the realm, and all the learned men of his age; and herein also dwelt Elias Ashmole, who first lodged with Tradescant and afterwards became possessed of the Manor House, with the Museum, which Tradescant bequeathed to him in 1659, and which Museum afterwards was given by Ashmole to the University of Oxford, in 1667, and is called after his name. After him, in this Manor House, dwelt Alexander Pope, the poet, who, while dwelling there, received as a present from Holland, a lot of mulberry trees, but in such numbers that after planting several in his own garden, he gave orders to his gardener to distribute the rest among his friends—if he had any—and neighbours. I have to thank Pope for the pleasure of reading his poetry, and for eating for many a year his mulberries. I rather venerate the memory of Alexander Pope.

Now the medlar is not much known hereabout. It is a very wholesome and delicious fruit when eaten in perfection. But those who grow it, in many cases, do not know what to do with it. Take the following as an instance:—I once saw a woman with a basketful of very fine medlars, in one of our markets, and was astonished to find that she was selling them at twopence per dozen! I bought a quantity—and as I was taking my prize away, I heard the woman say something to a

byestander in reply to a question put about them, that convinced me she did not know the worth of them, either in money or in gastronomical estimation. I therefore asked her what they were and how they were to be used, as if that thought had suddenly occurred to me to be necessary. The woman's reply was she did not know—" they caw'd 'em medeleys, but they were wearisome things, and they gave 'em to pigs, who seemed to like them better *the rottener they were.*" I should rather think they did, and it showed that if the woman had no taste, her pigs possessed it. She said that they had tried them " aw ways—they had biled 'em, and stewed 'em, and prezarved 'em," and done everything that could be thought of to make them palatable, but without success—" and so they gave 'em to pigs." My friend would scarcely believe me when I told her to eat a few when they were rotten, and take the rest to some of the leading fruiterers, and ask fifteen pence per dozen for the fruit. She very soon found that her " ignorance had not been bliss," for the very next time I saw her I learnt—that she had sold all her crop, from ninepence to fifteen pence per dozen!

In Kent and Sussex apricots are grown on standard trees to such an extent, that in one place the rents are paid by the sale of the fruit, and it is called " Apricot town."

I am sure, my dear sir, that the public is greatly indebted to you for the spirit you evince in teaching people to improve their gardens and property by extensively planting fruit trees, and if you can induce landholders to orchardise, the public will be generally benefited. There is many a bit o ground about a farm that now lies waste, that would become profitable by being tree planted, and I am sure everybody will agree with me, that in two seasons of the year the fruit trees are beautiful objects—first when in full bloom, and secondly when in full bearing. See a Kent orchard of cherries, for instance—or what can be more lovely than an apple

tree in luxuriant bloom? while a pear tree loaded with blossom is a fair sight indeed.

I remain, my dear Mr. Mayer,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

P.S.—Are you aware of the origin of the name of " Green Gage?" if not, it is as follows:—The Gage Family, in the last century obtained from the monks of Chartreuse, in Paris, a collection of fruit trees. Amongst others was one named " *La Reine Claude;*" but this *apple*ation of the plum having been rubbed off, Lord Gage's gardener was at a loss to know what it was. When the tree bore fruit he was surprised to find that its green state did not change as other plums do, and when it had arrived at perfection, and found it so delicious, he thought he could not do better than give it the name of his noble employer, and thus " the Green Gage" became " a household word" amongst us.

" Free trade! free trade, indeed!" cried out the farmer " we shall all be ruined. It is as plain as a pikel in a haycock. Corn will not be worth growing, and grazing will go out of use." " Free trade!" cried the market gardener, " What! let foreign-grown fruit and vegetables be brought into this country without duty? Why, it's murder! How can we compete with people who pay hardly anything for their land, and live upon black bread and thin broth, and frogs?" Such was the rubbish utterred by these producers, and such were the opinions of scores of other tradesmen and dealers, a few years ago. But how stands the matter? In respect to the market gardener, how fares he? We know how the farmer has been benefited. Farming never was more prosperous than at present; not spasmodically so, as it was some fifty years ago, when wheat was sold at a pound sterling a measure, and three good hams would scarcely be parted with for thirty of old King George the Third's

spade-ace guineas. When has the market gardener been more prosperous than now? The fact is that these Bucolics are all of a grumbling race. They want high prices and heavy crops, which they never had yet, and, thank God, never will have.

Now, just let us see what free trade has done for us as relating to fruits and vegetables, and how we should be situated were it not for its wise enactments. Could the English market gardener a month ago (last April) have enabled us to put on our tables an excellent dish of green peas, costing us not more than a shilling? In the most favoured situations, the English pea is now only in flower, and in some places scarcely so far advanced. Yet we could have an excellent dish of green peas to eat with our tender lamb or young ducks a month ago,—thanks to free trade, which enabled the market gardeners in the neighbourhood of Lisbon and Oporto to supply us with any quantity. We can remember that, at one of the leading London companies' spring dinners, it was always the custom to put green peas on table, cost what they would, and as much as a guinea a quart has been paid, so that the worthy "Master and Wardens and Livery" should not be disappointed in their *bonne bouche;* and we well recollect a Yankee telling us that once, dining at the King's Arms, on Ludgate-hill, during a Metropolitan sojourn in May, he ordered a dish of peas, finding it named in the *carte.* To his disgust he found the contents of the dish might have been taken up by a gravy spoon, and consequently ordered a second and a third supply. On ordering a fourth, the waiter placing his thumbs on the table, and leaning towards his guest in a mysterious sort of way, whispered that the peas were "five shillings the dish." Our friend's astonishment at such a price was expressed in an exclamation in which a certain place was mentioned where green peas do not grow.

Go through our markets, look on the stalls where fruit and vegetables are displayed, and, in taking stock, enquire which of the articles at this time of the year (or rather a month ago the question would have been more to the purpose) is grown by the British market gardener? Whence are those beautifully clear-skinned new potatoes—so clean and trim-looking, that Mrs. Smith, although the most fastidious of ladies, may take enough home for dinner in her reticule, without soiling the amber silken lining? The Lisbon and Oporto steamers bring us these potatoes, grown in the vicinities of those cities, by, we believe, English gardeners settled there. Malta also sends us new potatoes, superior to our own, by the way, because they are ripe and ours are not at this season, the latter being only provocatives to the disorderment of the system, in cholera of a mild form, which always prevails when new potatoes are eaten by the lieges in abundance. That fine asparagus? It is from the south of France. Those fine cauliflowers; where do they come from? English grown, certainly, if the Scilly Isles can be called English. Those lettuces, in their neat baskets, and of such elegant form and lovely colour, where do they grow? In France; and there is some portion of the rich loamy soil of Gaul upon them still, the sight of which might make an enthusiastic Gallic exile sing the scena from "Tancredi," "Oh! Patria," and kiss the brown earth, as that gentleman does when he lands from the sham boat on to the dirty stage. And those onions, with their skins of warm brown, as an artist would say? Oporto, Lisbon, and the south of Spain send us those delightful but presence-telling esculents. The English onion is only a little bit of a bulb (just now the size of a thermometer glass), and is not fit for culinary purposes, while the English onion of last year's growth is like a lady with a large family—running to seed. And that garlic which hangs in such mighty strings? France

—France, my dear madam, and Spain supply us with *that*. And those cabbages—are we indebted to the enterprising English gardener for them? No; those are sent to us from Ireland, and in such profusion that, last year, upwards of one hundred and fifty crates arrived in Liverpool in one week, containing each on an average one hundred *dozen cabbages*. Now multiply these two quantities, oh! son of Cocker, and see what an astounding number there will be consumed. The English grower was behind-hand, and prolific Ireland supplied the want. And for fruit—those lovely cherries, blooming like a pretty woman's lips—packed in rows in neat little boxes—can the English gardener provide us with anything like them at this time of year, unless from a hot wall? The Kent trees have only just cast off their snowy robes; and the wind and rain are only now blowing and washing off the dried-up petal and calyx from the baby cherry, leaving it to swell and grow, and turn from brilliant green to ruby colour. From France and from Portugal come these beautiful fruits, to adorn our dessert tables and delight our palates; and in truth they do so, for they are remarkable for their firmness of flesh and fineness of flavour. Then for pine apples—pine apples so cheap that they can be sold at a penny a slice in the open thoroughfare. Africa contributes many, the fruit being brought by the steamers from Fernando Po, Sierra Leone, &c.; but the finest pines are brought from Nassau and Bermuda. The African pine is only of inferior quality. Then we have apples from America (ah! how will the apples grow there this year?)—from France, from Spain and Portugal, and the isles of Jersey and Guernsey; and there is the noblest, most wholesome fruit of all, the gorgeous Orange, the tree of which buds and blossoms and bears fruit all at once, and loads the sleepy breeze with its overwhelming perfume;—the orange, that, like a young man, leaves home green, and only ripens

and becomes useful as he grows older. Portugal, Spain, Africa, Malta, Sicily, Valencia, Malaga, and the Azores send us quantities of these delicious and wholesome fruit, of which any number may be eaten, if fully ripe, with impunity.

And so, John Bull, where is the produce of your garden at this time of the year? How did you supply, years gone by, the little and big Bulls, before free trade opened the great gates of plenty? We can hardly conceive how our fathers, and certainly our forefathers, managed to get on without railways, steamships, telegraphs, and free trade. We suppose they did, or we should not have been here mildly to ask the question.

If free trade has opened the floodgates of plenty, and many articles of food that were formerly considered as almost unapproachable luxuries have become nearly indispensable necessaries, in consequence of all commercial restrictions being swept away; the establishment of railways, which gridiron England all over, and are rapidly spreading, net-like, on the Continent, and the introduction of the magnetic telegraph, through the lines of which

Speeds the soft intercourse from *pole* to *pole*,

have not only enabled the home growers of produce of all descriptions to find new and good, and, in fact, unthought-of markets; but also prices everywhere around us in this country have become equalised by supply and demand being properly adjusted. Formerly, in out-of-the-way places, widely remote from any market town, small farmers almost lived upon the produce of their land. Even the very materials of their clothing were grown, shorn, spun, and made up, as it were, on the spot; and so completely isolated were these people from the busy world, that they were in quite an Arcadian state of stupidity and greenness, being totally innocent of that inward stirring and longing of the

mind, or heart, or soul, which is called ambition, and which incites men to progress rather than stand still. Multitudes have been awakened from a state of apathy by the shrill scream of the locomotive whistle, and the clattering *tapage* of a long train, which suddenly presented to their view a mode of profitably transmitting miles and miles away that particular article of growth or produce which in their own vicinity was so abundantly supplied, either by the bountiful and fitting nature of the soil for such production, or from other causes, as to be scarcely saleable.

Now the telegraph communicates the fact to the stout citizens of Z. that the indefatigable agriculists of A. can cheaply supply some particular article of food, when, on an answer flashing back, the account of supply and demand is balanced by trucks full of A.'s produce being sent to Z., whereby the seller's heart rejoiceth at his profit and the consumer's stomach is comforted by fresh food *meet* for him.

The telegraph especially operates in equalising the price of all sorts of perishable food. For instance, supposing that a telegraphic despatch arrives in Liverpool intimating that there is in Dublin, or any of the Irish fishing stations, or the Isle of Man, or, in fact, anywhere, a large arrival of fish of any sort, the inquiry is made how such fish would suit the Liverpool market if sent there? Supposing it would be impossible to sell it in Liverpool, messages are transmitted immediately to Birmingham, Manchester, Nottingham, and other leading inland towns, and even London, for information respecting the desirability of forwarding the fish to either of these towns, when, on encouragement being given, the fish is shipped to Holyhead or Liverpool, as the case may be, and forwarded thence direct to its inland destination without any delay arising—so essential a matter in anything perishable. Thus cheapness in one place and dearness in another are practically done away with, and we hear no

longer of persons going into "elegant retirement" to such and such an inland town famed for its cheap living and small gentilities, or to such and such a little place by the margin of the wide ocean, where we can, without appearing inquisitive, ask, "What are the wild waves saying?" The cheapness of both has departed.

The Boilerville station, just outside Boilerville, has been the indirect means of raising rents, enhancing the price of bread, meat, and poultry, but bringing down the price of fish—for fish come up plentifully from Cocklesand-cum-Perriwinkle every morning in great abundance. In fact, if you reside at Cocklesand, you must get up very early in the morning if you want to obtain either a dish of fish or a plateful of shrimps, for the jetty terminus of the Boilerville and Cocklesand Railway runs out a long way to sea, and the fishermen of that port (increasing little place) put their creels, and skips, and baskets almost from out of their boats on to the railway trucks, utterly forgetting sometimes, in consequence of the great demand for fish at Boilerville and adjacent towns, that in the parish of Cocklesand-cum-Perriwinkle fish is as highly esteemed as elsewhere.

The railway has stripped from inland towns and seaboard villages all pretensions to being cheap, quiet, meek, and lowly. Your shrimps will cost you quite as much as you could purchase them for in the fish market of Boilerville—that queer little shed inclosed by iron gates—and it has lately been a much-talked of fact, that Madame Janaway, the lady of the manor of Cocklesand, being about to entertain some distinguished visitors, was obliged to send all the way to Boilerville for a turbot that had passed her mansion soon after tide-time in the usual morning luggage train. The idea of sending to an inland town from a seaboard fishing place, for a dish of fresh fish is certainly an anomaly and a seeming absurdity; but Gills, the Boilerville fish-

monger, has several good customers in Cocklesand—and that is a fact.

In the matter of butchers' meat we are not dependent on our English pastures for our supply. We receive vast quantities of fine beef from Hamburg, by way of Hull. During the past few years, every one must have noticed frequently driven through our streets some fine bullocks, with remarkably long horns, and having very beautiful eyes. Indeed the expression in the eyes of some of these animals is positively loveable and amiable. These animals are brought from Portugal and Spain, by the swift steamers. They find here a good market, in spite of the risks and expenses of a sea voyage, and the consequent loss of the cattle by rough weather. From Ireland and Scotland we get our principal supplies of mutton and lambs. By the Irish boats very large numbers of sheep and lambs are imported into England. Wales also provides a large quota of food; and "mountain peckers," as the Cockneys called Welsh mutton, is, in its season, in high request. A few years ago, Welsh mutton could be bought for twopence per lb. under the price of English or Scotch mutton, but now the price is the same as that of any other sort. Fully one-third of the mutton consumed in this part of the kingdom is brought from Scotland. There are some few beasts brought from the Isle of Man. From Cheshire and Shropshire and Staffordshire we have a large supply of cattle. From Cheshire we have vast numbers of calves. From Yorkshire we have our "milch" cows. As for pigs, Cheshire and Wales provide us with great numbers; but it is from Ireland the chief supply is drawn. Upwards of 100,000 pigs a-year are imported into, or rather pass through Liverpool, and, strange to say, many pigs are bought in Liverpool to be re-shipped to Ireland. Vast quantities of bacon are sometimes sent to Ireland, so that the Emerald Isle piggy goes out on

his travels alive and returns home dead, and not unfrequently revisits England in his baconian state. In Love-lane, Great Howard-street, the London and North-Western Railway Company have made excellent accommodation for the porcine tribe, and there vast numbers of pigs daily change hands, and are either driven thence into town for home consumption, or shipped off to Birmingham, Manchester, and elsewhere. Fat pigs are also brought from Cheshire, and "suckers" from the neighbouring county, as also from Wales. "Cumberland hams and bacon" are cut up in a peculiar style in Liverpool, and sent by rail and steamer in very large quantities to Cumberland, there to be cured and smoked "according to the custom of the country." The Cumberland hams are cut long. Irish hams are trimmed up for the Irish market, and are cut short round the butt end.

The supply of game in Liverpool is procured from all parts: great quantities are brought from Ireland and Scotland. We can put upon our tables ptarmigan from Iceland and Norway. From the Mediterranean we have supplies of quails; from Canada we receive a peculiar sort of small-sized goose, which is said to be in flavour and juiciness equal to the celebrated canvas-back duck of the dis-United States. In their several seasons we receive large supplies of wild ducks, widgeons, teal, and other wild fowl from Holland, where these birds abound. We get them also from Ireland in considerable quantities. The most singular importation of game into Liverpool is that of the prairie bird, brought from the Far West. It is certainly a proof of considerable enterprise to import these delicious birds, which are sold at a much less rate than our own grouse, especially when we consider that from Leather Stockings, whether he shoots them, traps them, or puts salt on their tails, to the poulterer in his apron of white who prepares them for Cookey—

blazing like the ghost of a kitchen fire—all must make a profit. In great perfection certainly they are brought to this country, in spite of the distance of hundreds of miles that they have to be conveyed over land, and their sea voyage across the Atlantic; and these delightful birds, placed smoking upon the table of our friend and neighbour Dives, must induce him to declare that steam as a motive power is a very excellent and much-to-be-lauded invention or application.

It is somewhat interesting to trace out the localities whence various descriptions of food are brought. America supplies us with butter, cheese, hams, and bacon; from France and Holland we have great quantities of butter, and from the latter country abundance of cheese. The Gouda cheeses, many of them, are really delicious, and so also are some of the Edam; but the Dutch cheeses are too often very salt, and it is somewhat remarkable that they have at times "a most ancient and fish-like smell." This arises from the cows pasturing where the eels have migrated from the canals, which they do at certain seasons in myriads. Their slime gives a taint to the cheese and butter, as the peaty taste is imparted to Irish butter made on moorland and bogland farms. Eggs are brought from Holland and France in immense numbers, as is also lard, which, by the way, is largely imported, and in great perfection, from America.

Vegetables and fruit we find coming from various distances. If we had to depend upon the fruit-growers and farmers in our own vicinity we should come but badly off, not only for the quantity we require, but also in the price. From Leeds we obtain large supplies of rhubarb stalks. It is there cultivated to a great extent. Long, low, darkened sheds are erected, in which the plant is forced for the early supply. In the neighbourhood of Preston considerable quantities of this vegetable, used as a fruit, are raised. In

fact, it is now very generally cultivated throughout the kingdom. Not thirty years ago, rhubarb was wedded to magnesia alone, being then the terror of little boys, and a weapon of fierce offence in the hands of savage grandmothers, and bill-making schoolmasters. Its connection is now extended by being closely allied to sugar and puff paste, eliciting smiles from youngsters who wept in days of yore at the self-same root. We wonder if senna, which is so intimately associated with Epsom salts, will ever be made palatable, pleasant, and highly nutritious. The fine lettuces we now see so abundant everywhere in our green shops are brought from the south of England. Their tops are carefully tied up with bass to make them blanch, crisp, and tender at heart—that heart of such delicate colour, so juicy, cool, wholesome, and somniferous! A salad well mixed is a dish fit for Heliogabulus, or Mr. Smith, who is so "very purtiklar." These lettuces are produced in the extensive garden grounds of Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex, especially about Isleworth, where, by the way, strawberries, to an immense extent, are cultivated, and in which vicinity the celebrated "Wilmot's superb" and "Keen's seedling" strawberries were first reared: the first clearing its original propagator, some forty years ago, a thousand pounds from a small patch of ground not much larger than a merchant's good-sized office.

From Middlesex and neighbouring counties, we obtain large supplies of watercresses: those with the rich green and brown leaves. They are grown in long narrow ditches or canals, which are irrigated by means of floodgates at the ends. Hundreds of acres of watercress grounds may be seen in the vicinity of the metropolis, and the cultivation of this wholesome plant is of considerable importance. Watercresses, "or watergrass," as Paddy calls it, is brought in quantities, occasionally, from Ireland. In mushroom years,

prodigious quantities of mushrooms are brought from Ireland. In the neighbourhood of Drogheda and Dundalk, about three years ago, the fields were said to be white with them, and gave occupation to hundreds of people in the gathering of them. By the way, liquorice root and lavender are largely cultivated in the south of England, as is also chicory.

In the beautiful vale of Evesham, Worcestershire, asparagus is extensively grown, and we obtain in Liverpool vast quantities therefrom. From the same locality we get our early supply of peas, and at this present writing, Evesham is sending her "peas and plenty" of them, to her neighbours and distant friends. To show how soon an overstocked district discharges itself into one that is short of any commodity, we may instance the fact that last year large parcels of carrots were sent to Manchester from Lincolnshire, and some came to Liverpool. Thus the Fenman competed with the Lancastrian; but with or without profit this deponent knoweth not. The dwarf carrot, similar to an overgrown copper-coloured radish, which we now see in our greengrocers' shops, is brought from France, and is esteemed by the gourmand. The dwarf turnips we see about are raised at Chester, in the vicinity of which ancient city there are numerous prolific gardens, especially about Boughton and thereaway; at Holt, and Farndon, and on the Welsh border are also large garden grounds. Asparagus, lettuces, artichokes, cauliflowers, &c., and fruit of all descriptions are brought from Chester. The quantities of strawberries and raspberries that are produced in the Chester market gardens are fabulous, and take away one's breath in endeavouring to estimate them. From other parts of Cheshire we have ample supplies of fruit and vegetables. For the early radishes and early potatoes we are indebted to the Wallasey growers, who are famous in the cultivation of these articles of produce,

although this year they have been some time behind the Lancashire grower. When cherries and plums are in full season we get large supplies from Holland and Hamburg, as well as from France. Kent provides a great store. About a week or more ago, some very beautiful cherries appeared in our shops, packed in peculiarly neat little twig baskets; these were from France, and were remarkable for their flavour and fleshiness. France has also lately sent us, neatly packed in little boxes, some greenish-yellow plums, which appear as if they were only just recovering from a severe bilious attack. From Goole, in Yorkshire, quantities of new potatoes are arriving. Cornwall also is sending a large supply—in fact, other distant counties are pouring in upon us their superfluity.

So from far and near we draw our supplies of eatables. This present year seems to give promise of a mighty harvest, for the country looks beautiful, the crops healthy in every way and of every description. Man has nothing to do but labour on, and patiently wait for harvest time, and be thankful for what "God will send him."

J. S.

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